Hex Girl

-

Halloween was one of your favorite holidays; the chance to be someone else for the night pleasured you greatly. Your lover Wanda agreed with you and never disappointed in regards to her costumes.

"How do I look?" The slur of her Sokovian accent pulled you back into reality and your eyes lingered over her costumed frame. She was so beautiful, even when drenched in fake blood and adorned with rugged clothing. It was only fitting she settled on going as a witch, but the Sexy Salem masterpiece she dressed as was a bit outlandish, even for her. The bloody '666' across the bottom of her apron gave an illusion of dripping and the torn, rubber noose on her neck was a cheesy touch to her costume. Her dress skirts were fairly short, especially for a Puritan like costume and she spun on her heel to twirl for you.

You couldn't help but snicker, fake, clip on fangs appearing from under your upper lip as you approached her.

"Simply ghastly, love." Mustering your best Dracula accent, you snagged Wanda by the hips before wrapping your arms around her waist, lifting her up as she squealed. Your booming laugh followed her own giggles as you moved to seat her on the bed, kneeling in front of her on the carpet floor. Your fingers toyed with her skirts idly, fiddling with the material.

"I expected more coverage for the time period," you teased, drumming your fingers against her thighs. Chuckling knowingly, she sighed at your touch before leaning forward, lips brushing your ear.

"The skirt is short on purpose, (Y/N). I thought you would have. . . picked up on that already," she whispered, pulling back from you, only to beam as your hands began to push the skirts up.

"Way ahead of you, Wanda," you murmured, licking your lips as you nestled your face between her legs. “Jesus Christ, you were going to go out in *commando?*”

The last thing you could remember feeling was your witch's nails against your scalp and her body quivering for you.